

Buttercream

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**\*\*Sometimes the best and funniest ideas come from a simple misunderstanding in a Twitter conversation!\*\***

**\*\*Betad by the lovely Honor.\*\***

**\*\*Just taking Jack and Sam for a spin. I'll have them back by dinner time.\*\***

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><p><span><strong>Buttercream...<strong>

"I don't care what Lam says, cake-time Carter, should be the most important meal of the day"

Jack O'Neill stares lovingly at the sizeable chunk of red velvet cake sitting in front of him and picks up a can of whipped cream he had "borrowed" from the kitchen.

"You know, I don't eat cake, but thats just sitting there sir, looking so tasty" Sam says coyly, a barely noticeable smirk pulling at the corners of her lips. "It's practically calling to me. "Eat me Sam, please eat me, just do it, dive right in and take a bite."

Sam's finger reaches across the table and stops under the steady flow of whipped cream. She retracts her hand quickly, placing her finger into her mouth and closing her eyes, moaning her approval. Jack's mouth falls open at the sight before him, his mind flooding with thoughts of empty cans of whipped cream and several uninterrupted

hours.

\_ 'Whipped cream and sex is a cliché,' \_his mind shouts.

\_ 'Shut the fuck up mind,' \_his groin shouts back louder.

He looks around the commissary and is thankful that the only other occupied table is full of the science geeks, who are too immersed in their notes to notice Sam's sudden seductive action. He returns his gaze to her until her eyes open, a sudden rush of pink races from her cheeks down her neck and under the neckline of her black tank top.

"You know, for someone who wanted to keep\_ 'us' \_on the down low, you're certainly making it hard... Uh, I mean difficult. You realise I'm stuck here now don't you?" Jack says, gesturing his head towards the rather obvious bulge in his BDU's under the mess table and shifting uncomfortably.

"What? Can I help that I like whipped cream? It's hardly my fault if you can't control your mind... Sir" she answers, stirring her coffee and licking the spoon suggestively.

"That is \_not\_ helping Carter."

^%^%^%^%^%^%

The first thing Jack hears, when he opens her front door is his own name, as well as some rather unusual, very unfamiliar sounds from the kitchen. Dumping his jacket and strolling in, he sees her standing over a kenwood mixer, a dozen impressive looking cupcakes cooling on a wire rack behind her beside a bowl of chocolate sprinkles and every dish she owns stacked in the sink.

"Heeeeey Carter. Whatcha doin there?"

"Well hello there General." She says playfully. "I thought I owed you for earlier so I'm making cupcakes . You were there quite a while."

"Yeah, I was, no thanks to you and your spoon."

"Sorry." She says, not sounding sorry whatsoever.

"Who knew the great Samantha Carter could bake?" Jack says, a hint of amusement in his voice.

"Funny," Sam says dryly, "grab a beer, sit and watch the magic happen."

Jack moves to the refrigerator to Sam's left, grabs a beer and leans against the counter, watching her.

"Butter, powdered sugar, dash of cream and ummmmm, damnit what's the last thing?" Sam mumbles to herself.

Walking up behind her, he slides his arms around her waist and whispers, "Vanilla, sweetheart," and reaches for the vanilla essence, placing the tiny bottle into her hand and a kiss onto her neck.

"Hmmm thank you." She says leaning her neck into his lips.

"Just a few drops Sam." Jack whispers between kisses.

Opening the bottle Sam shakes 10 drops into the mixer, then switches it to low power to whip for a few moments.

"You know," Jack says, pulling her tank top from her jeans, and splaying his hand out on her belly. "I have watched Sam Carter rewrite the laws of physics, blow up a sun and shoot more bad guys than I can count but I don't think you've ever been as sexy as you are right now."

He presses himself against her and Sam pushes back, almost instinctively. He moans into her ear, and tugs at her earlobe with his teeth.

"I'd wait until you've tasted the finished and assembled product before you say that." Sam says in a breathy voice.

"Who said that," he inclines his head towards the buttercream, "is going on a cake?" Jack whispers, his voice suddenly dark and low. "Remember, you owe me."

"Sounds... Sticky." Sam says, giggling, switching off the mixer and removing the bowl. She dips her finger into the fluffy clouds of icing, turns towards him and brings it to her lips, swirls her tongue around her fingertip and sucks.

The moan she emits goes straight to his cock.

"Damn Carter, that's fucking hot."

She dips her finger again and extends it to him.

"Want some?" She says smiling.

"You have no fucking idea." He replies, maintaining eye contact with her and watching her bite her bottom lip while he sucks the sweet creamy goodness from her finger.

He closes the distance between them, her finger still in his mouth until her backside is pressed against the countertop. He kisses her fingertip, reaches behind her, to dip his finger into the whipped frosting and smears it across her lips.

Lowering his face to hers, he slowly snakes his tongue out and licks her lips. She tastes like tea with sugar, almond biscuits and the buttercream which is now smeared across both of their mouths. He smiles as she moans when he nips at her swollen bottom lip, his tongue exploring her, the ridges of her teeth, the insides of her lips and her tongue, still coated in sweet goodness. His hands wander to the hem of her tank and in one swift movement, brings it up over her head and throws it over his shoulders, his lips crashing back down onto hers. He feels her fingertips graze his belly as she breaks the kiss, pulling his sweater up over his head, letting it fall to the floor behind him and he instinctively holds his breath.

He reaches out and with a playful glint in his eye,takes her hand

with one of his and grabs the bowl of frosting with the other. He walks them around the messy island and comes to a stop at the dining room table, depositing the frosting filled bowl on a table mat.

"The table?" She says inquisitively. "Really?"

"Why not?" He responds, wiggling his eyebrows. "It looks sturdy enough."

He watches, as her eyes take in the shining surface, and then her gaze returns to his eyes, a \_'Carter megawatt smile'\_ suddenly appearing on her face. She licks her lips and dips her fingers into the bowl and touches his bottom lip but drags her fingers down his neck, onto his chest and down his belly, stopping where his belt buckle demands she does. He's pretty sure he sees her pout, but he can't be sure because suddenly her lips are on his and she's licking at the frosting on his lips. He moans, she's as good a kisser as he always knew she would be, but before he can deepen their embrace she starts to kiss and lick her way down the creamy trail left behind moments earlier by her fingers. She takes her time, kissing every inch of exposed skin to her, licking the sugary substance away as she drops lower and lower. She reaches out and dips her fingers again and deposits two rather healthy doses onto each of his nipples and giggles as he whispers her name with a gasp, the sensation of her tongue swirling the sensitive spots momentarily taking his breath away. She stands and he can't help but smile, the tip of her nose is covered in buttercream and he moves in to kiss her thoroughly, his hands snaking behind her back to undo the clasp on the scrap of lace separating him from her swollen breasts.

He unbuttons her jeans, and drags them down her legs, kicking them out of sight when they hit the floor, then pushes her to sit on the edge of the table. He groans, she smiles. She's wearing his favourite panties, black, simple, because Sam Carter doesn't need frills and bows to make her lingerie sexy. He stands between her open legs, reaches up behind her and threads his fingers into her hair. He gently pulls her head back so her neck is fully exposed to him and mimics her earlier actions by dipping his fingers into the bowl of rapidly disappearing frosting, smearing it along her collar bone and down between the valley of her breasts and onto each nipple. He laps at her skin, eliciting soft moans from her, until his tongue finds, first her left nipple, then her right. He swirls his tongue over the pink peak, and sucks her into his mouth hard. She screams a little, and arches her back, and he can feel himself hardening even more, if that's at all possible. He plays with her, twirling his tongue over her nipples, then back up the column of her neck and finally onto her swollen lips, where he kisses her giggles away. He likes her when she's playful and laughing. It's a side of her that few get to experience.

He feels her hands snake down his belly and start working on his belt buckle, his buttons and zipper and using both her feet and hands, she manages to manoeuvre them and his boxers down past his knees. He pulls his face back and watches, as she reaches to her left and dips her hand into the bowl...

\_ 'Is she? No she couldn't, could she?' \_

"Oh you are not..." He says, taking a step back, but the rest of his words are lost as she wraps her hand around his cock, covering him

from top to bottom in the sugary glaze.

His head falls back and he utters a low 'fuuuuuck' as she starts to slowly move her hand up and down his length, the wet slapping sound of the frosting melting between her warm hand and his cock, mixing with his heavy breathing.

He barely notices her slowly shifting down off the table, but his head snaps forward when she licks a long slow stripe of frosting from his cock, then another.

"Sam, Jesus." He says, reaching his hands into her hair, as her fingers encircle the aching head, coating it before she slowly takes his cock into her mouth. He doesn't hold her in place, but allows his hands to move with her head, twisting and turning. She's closed her eyes, but Jack can see the frosting gathering in the corners of her mouth and thinks it's probably the sexiest damn thing he's ever seen or is likely to ever see in his life.

She swirls her tongue over his cock and takes him in again, about half way this time, sucks hard and pulls back slowly. She releases him with a 'pop' and he takes a shaky step back.

"No no no." He states, as she begins to protest. "This will be over far sooner than either of us would like, if I let you keep doing that. Your turn."

He takes her hands and helps her to stand, where he wipes the frosting from her mouth with his finger and licks it away. Tastes good, he muses.

He steps out of his BDU's and kicks them off to join her earlier discarded jeans under the table.

"Sit." He states, patting the table, a devious smile appearing on his face.

She pulls herself up on the table again but places a hand on his chest, stopping him in his tracks.

"Jack, no frosting in... Places..." She says, giggling.

"None needed for what I have planned." He replies, gives her a little nudge so she's laying down, reaches for the black panties and slowly peels them down her legs. He stands back and admires her, gloriously bare to him, spread out on the table before his eyes. He licks his sugary lips and wasting no time, dips his mouth into the vee of her legs and licks from bottom to top in one long drawn out motion. She bucks her hips off the table and gasps, so he does it again, and then a third time. He places his hands under her ass and holds her to his mouth and, finding her clit, begins a relentless assault on it. She's responsive, she always is, but a little more today and he has her on the brink before he realises. She's clawing at his hair, shouting his name into the empty room, begging him, 'Please Jack,' so he obliges, pressing his mouth hard into her and flicking his tongue rapidly. She cries out his name and holds his head in place as her legs and hips jerk involuntarily.

He pulls her to him and kisses her, his tongue begging entrance once again to her mouth, dancing with hers. He aches to be inside her so

badly, to bury himself in her but he knows he can't, not yet. His brain conjures one word; \_'shower,' \_and saying nothing, he stands her up and walks her backwards down her hall towards her bedroom and into the master bathroom. His lips are still on hers and she expertly turns the dials and a spray of water erupts from the shower. She steps into the tub and he follows, letting the warm water run over his face and he's hit with the scent of vanilla rising from them. She reaches for his cock and strokes him twice, wiping all the sugary sticky residue from him. He kisses her again, then turns her around, bends her and tells her to place her hands on the tile. She lifts her leg up, resting her foot on the edge of the tub, looks back at him and winks. He doesn't hesitate, pushing into her slowly and they both moan, their sounds filling the warm steamy room. He pulls back and fills her again, faster this time and he can't help himself when he shouts her name. She's soft and warm and oh so tight, which is making it harder and harder for him to hold on. Her hand moves between her legs and he feels her fingertips when they slip, chasing over her clit as he continues to fill her. She curses and says she's close and that he \_'just needs to, oh right there, just like that,' \_and suddenly she's coming again, moaning his name and pulsing around him. He joins her, a string of more and more colourful curse words escaping his mouth, as he empties himself into her. He pulls her upright and hugs her body to his.

They stand like that for several minutes as they battle to control their breathing, the warm water cascading down on top of them. She turns in his arms and kisses him, a long slow kiss and he loses himself in her, just like he always does.

The water begins to cool so they quickly wash, escaping the tub just as the last of the hot water disappears and Jack gets a shock of cold water across his ass as he's stepping out. He lays on her bed, a towel draped around his waist and watches her as she runs a towel over her body, hardly able to believe that minutes ago, she was full of him and she was screaming his name.

He lets out a sound, remarkably similar to a whine, when she pulls one of his oversized shirts over her head, covering her body.

"Haven't you had your fill yet?" She giggles.

"Never." He replies simply.

He closes his eyes as she leaves the room and pads down the hallway towards the kitchen.

Reluctantly, he follows several minutes later, and can't help but laugh loudly when he turns the corner to her kitchen and she's standing, waiting for him, holding out a buttercream covered cupcake.

"Cupcake General?" She asks, expertly raising an eyebrow.

"Don't mind if I do Carter, don't mind if I do!"

End  
file.